The Don's Paramour

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The Don's Paramour

by Lyla_Joy

Summary

Will was just doing a good deed. He didn't know he'll catch the attention and attraction of the Chesapeake Mafia's leader.

Notes

I posted this once before but ended up deleting it and I am not quite sure why lol. But here it is again! But please read the notes at the end. Hope you enjoy!

Comments and Kudos are appreciated.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will checked his phone for a text from Beverly before sighing and walking off-campus. His "friend" was supposed to be by thirty minutes ago to pick him up from his last class. She wanted to take him to a bar where some of their classmates were getting together for a drink. He only agreed since she said she would leave him alone "brood" in his room. But since she was late picking up, Will decided to head back to their shared apartment for a much-needed nap.

Being a criminology major is not what it is all cracked up to be. Since he was also taking forensic, his workload took a toll on his already skinny body. Letting out a small yawn, tired blue eyes, people watched. It's not every day he did this, but he did enjoy it every once in a while. Due to his overactive imagination, Will tends to stay away from crowds. It is more complicated in school, but he manages since Beverly is used to his skittish behavior and doesn't force him to interact with the general population. But during times like these, he wishes he had her vibrant energy beside him to distract him.

Will watched as a young girl, no older than sixteen, began to walk across the street with her earbuds in when the light turned red, and the crosswalk turned green. It was almost in slow motion that Will noticed a trunk coming down the street at top speed, seeming not to see the changing light. Will's eyes widened as he looked at the girl before dropping his bag and running over to the crosswalk. There was no use screaming, she would never hear him, but he ran through the crowd, not stopping to apologize to the people he pushed away.

Will stepped onto the crosswalk and grabbed the girl's back, and yanked her back, causing both of them to fall. A considerable blaring noise happened before Will's skull smacked against the concrete. His vision began to dance in his eyes, and he heard frantic screaming and voices.

Wincing, Will felt himself being shaken. He opened his eyes and watched as his vision swarmed. A hand waved in front of his face, and a voice drifted into his ears.

"Sir? Sir! Can you hear me?"

Will tried to nod but winced. A hand cupped the back of his skull, and Will hissed when it touched him. If he had to guess, he was probably bleeding. He hopes it's not a lot. He wouldn't survive losing so much blood on his college diet. Will's eyes began to focus, and he finally stopped seeing double. Kneeling next to him was a pale-faced girl. Her blue eyes held worry, and her dark hair fell like curtains around her head. Will notices a scarf around her neck and knows it's not that cold outside.

Her face relaxed with relief as she let out a gush of air. "Oh, thank god you're okay. I would have been devastated if my savior died." She tried to laugh, but it sounded forced.

Will swallowed a little as memories of what he just did flash behind his eyes. He just saved someone's life. He went out of his comfort zone to touch someone and protect them from getting run over. He didn't feel like a savior, but he was happy that the girl was safe. He would hate for a young mind to be wasted by just perishing.

Will smiled a little. “No problem,” he rasped out.

The young girl had a smile on her face. “You cracked your skull against the ground but luckily didn’t cause anything major. Just some blood, but it should be healing by now. It’ll be sore for a while, so I advise you to put some ice on it when you get home. And probably take some Ibuprofen. The pain will be unbearable,” said the girl matter-of-factly.

Will tried to raise an eyebrow, but it strained his muscle, so he stopped. “Do you want to be a doctor when you grow up?”

The girl’s laugh this time was genuine. Shaking her head, she said, “I don’t. My dad happens to be one, though, so he teaches me the basics.”

“What a good father you have,” said Will.

His eyes softened, but something was lurking in them that piqued Will’s interest. “He is,” she replied.

The young girl kept Will’s head elevated before standing up and using her free hand to help him up. Will groaned a little before taking the handkerchief she used to put pressure on the scratch on his head. “Thanks,” he grunted.

She smiled brightly before fixing her back strap. “No problem. May I know the name of my savior?”

Will smiled and held out a hand to her. Something about her made him interested and forget about all the rules he made while interacting with society. “Will Graham. And yours?”

She took his hand and shook it. “Abigail. Here.” She pulled out a scrap of paper from her bag and a piece and scrambled some numbers on them before handing it to Will. “You look like you need a friend, and I think I can help.”

“Oh, there’s really no need-”

“Take it, Will,” she said with a slight smile. “If not for your sake, then my own. I would like to know how my hero is doing. I would be up all night worrying if you had died.”

Will felt his heart soften at the words. No one has cared this much for him, and he couldn’t say no to her wide eyes. Taking the paper, he pocketed it, making sure to remember to put it in his phone. “I’ll make sure to update you.”

Abigail grinned. “Great. I hope I’ll be seeing you around, Will Graham!” She looked both ways before quickly crossing the street.

Will watched her go before going back to grab his bag. He couldn’t *wait* to tell Beverly about this. She didn’t think he had an adventure bone in his body. Well, this will prove her wrong.

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The next morning, Will padded out of his room and into the kitchen, where Beverly was munching on a muffin from a basket. Will raised an eyebrow as he went to grab a water bottle. “Did one of your one-nights send a gift thanking you for a wonderful time?”

Beverly snorted. “I wish. Nah, this was at the door for you. Whoever made these muffins need to be worshiped. These are *life.*”

“For me?” whispered Will curiously. He walked over to the gift basket nudging Beverly’s hip.

She huffed before walking to the other side of the counter. Will took in the gift basket. It was a simple red basket, black-colored straws weaved within it, and a gold bow tied on the front. Digging inside, Will spotted muffins, a box of chocolates, a bottle of Ibuprofen, a bottle of expensive wine, and a pink single rose with a note attached to it. Will took one of the muffins and noticed it was blueberry. Biting into it, he closed his eyes, and a moan of delight came from him. The muffin was rich and fluffy. The blueberries made it sweet, but it was the best muffin Will has ever tasted. Placing it down, making sure to eat it later, Will picked up the rose and flipped open the note.

To Mr. Graham:

I appreciate you saving my daughter from oncoming traffic. I would not know what I would do if I lost her. To thank you, I sent you a gift basket. Abigail spoke highly of you and suggested this as a thank you note instead of what I originally had planned. I hope you enjoy the treats. I am in your debt. I hope to meet you soon. My card should be attached to the bottom of the basket. Until we meet. Au revoir.

Will blinked lightly. Who the fuck is Abigal’s father? And how does he know where he lives? Will looked up when Beverly heard a startling noise between a squeal and a choke. She looked at him with wide eyes and said, “You saved Hannibal’s Lecter daughter.”

Will tilted his head. “Is that his name?”

“Do you not know who he is?” asked Beverly shrilly.

“No…”

“How are you going to major in criminology if you don’t even know who *Hannibal Lecter is*,” groaned Beverly. Slapping her hands on the table, she said, “Hannibal Lecter is one of the richest men in the world. It is rumored, but it seems plausible that he is also the leader of the Chesapeake Mafia. Everyone knows his name, but no one has seen his face. He. Is. Notorious.”

Will blinked again. “Oh.”

Beverly looked at him with her mouth gaped. “Oh? *Oh?!* Will, you have just got the attention of one of the most ruthless men this century, and all you can say is, oh?!”

Will looked at her and gave her a nervous smile. “Oopsie?”

Beverly groaned and banged her head on the table.

End Notes

Just like one of other Hannibal fics, Joke's On You, I will not be continuing this but since it was still in my docs, I decided to post it. BUT if anyone would like to continue feel free to but make sure you credit me! If you have any questions, you can ask them in the comments.

Until next time!

Come find me on my tumblr! Don't be afraid to dm me or even make requests <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!